the gray rail-post I stand and look my old eye-glasses

For in a morning paper I have found That first-class turkeys now bring eighteen cents per pound!

What though the landscape bright about me

What though the sun its golden nectar spills?
What though the crow in somber beauty flies
Into the purple glory of the hills?
My old anatomy has got the chilis; know that soon I'll be stuffed full of sage, and that is why my tears bedew the printed

My wattles soon will light the old ash-heap; A subtle sadness sets me all a-creep.

Here in the bosom of the twilight hush
I see the beauteous maid in crimson plush
Laugh at the feast in most exultant tone, While with young Thingumbobs she snaps my frail wish-bone.

"Tis growing mirk, and I can read no more. Good-bye, my wives and progeny, good-bye! Soon shall I lightly swing on yonder door, Announcing that Thanksgiving Day is nigh. The cranberries are plucked, the pumpkin

Blooms like a full-blown tiger lily-bell; Alas, alack, alas! alack, alas! farewell!

BESSIE.

Thanksgiving Story in Two Chapters.

[Written for This Paper.] CHAPTER L



would be Thanksgivplain John Anderson finished his toilet with a sigh.

He was not handsome; of course not: plain people never are. So it must have been the soul shining in his

face that attracted Muriel Trowbridge to his side as more than a friend on her first visit to Folly Mill farm. But that was years ago, and to-night

that almost feminine sweetness had been crowding in on Bessie's heart; perbeen transformed into an expression in- haps the thoughts of something sacred. dicating heartache. It hadn't all come about just to-night, but this evening it seemed that the to do with the caress under the gray No-

acme of sad disappointment had been vember skies. reached. John looked at his face as reflected in the mirror and a strange, yearning ques-

involuntarily. "Yes," he said, slowly, as if in answer, "I am growing old; there's a tinge of gray already in my hair, and I am only thirty-eight. It is not always years that weigh one down."

That was as far as John Anderson generally went along this line of soliloquy. The unspoken surged back to his heart, where the altar fires burned steadily to shattered idols.

To be sure he had never loved but this once, yet it would be the last, for no other image should ever be placed on the pedestal sacred to her memory. Mysteriously and in an unexplainable manner she had gone out of his life on Thanksgiving night some four years previous; but he kept the light of hope burning in the windows of his soul for her return, for Muriel was Muriel

Sister Bessie had no patience with his "moping;" but then he thought she had never had such experiences, and that accounted for her lack of sympathy.

The broad acres of Folly Mill farm belonged to the twain; but the pleasant, roomy villa seemed so lonely now since that memorable summer.

It didn't seem a great while ago, yet the years had drifted away and now tomorrow would be another anniversary.

It would be vastly different, however, from that one when parlor and hall were filled with merry groups, and the long tables were set in the great dining-room to hold the display of

And what a chattering there was! He should always remember it, and how happy he was with her so near and dear

Bessie's Thanksgiving dinner.

To-morrow they would come home from services in the old white chapel just below the farm, and eat their dinner in the little breakfast-room adjoining the kitchen-he and Bess-solitary and alone; would it be Thanksgiving?

John shut his lips tightly and the lines of patient suffering deepened about his mouth.

Muriel Trowbridge was a blue-eyed, fair-haired, dainty little woman with the sweetest smile and most musical



ASKED. voice John Anderson had ever seen. And on the Thanksgiving Day before she went away they had walked across the brown and wind-swept meadows together and talked of friends and away and came back to poor, faithful friendships, and she had grown quite John?" he said, caressing her.

her at her uncle's door with his first won't wed Tom Walton, never!" warm, passionate kiss on her lips, but he "No," said John. "You'll marry plain had never seen her since. And was it John Anderson if you choose and not curious that he could thus drop out man on earth dare interfere." of her life and she not mind? John re- Then he kissed the tear-stained face, membered how happy they both were and all the pain went out of his heart

that night, and felt that it was. And there had been suc's a dark page which dried the tears and prompted a turned down over that golden-lettered little rippling laugh, something like one that not a ray of love's sunshine that he used to hear, to make music in had ever been able to pierce its gloom. that long-silent world of his.
"I want you to visit me. certainly." And Bessie waited and waited. Twice

she had said in answer, "and shall write | see went down to the wicket and listened you when to come as you desire." Then for John's coming, but only the cold winds talked of coming desolation in the naked boughs overhead. "He always

his homely wings allowed of."

him, he tried to avoid Bessie. He didn't

Nevertheless, half-way down the walk

paused while he answered in the affirma-

looked into his care-lined face intently.

about her brother's neck and whispered,

brokenly: "Never mind, John; it will

"Bess pities me!" almost sobbed the

great, strong man, as the wicket clicked

Perhaps Thanksgiving memories had

of which John never dreamed of, a ring

CHAPTER II.

When he came to the stile he sat down

to dream a bit. Somehow Bessie's part-

ing words, together with the western

gleaming, had lighted up his twilight

His eyes wandered away to the great

white farm-house showing up through

the shadowy valley. Yes, she loved music, Muriel did, and sang so sweetly.

Hark! Was that a little melody she

memory, and he remembered that he

was sitting alone on the stile in the

Bessie went slowly into the house aft-

er she heard the wicket shut behind

his way to the village. She did not re-

no, she went directly upstairs, took a

my love is waiting for me with a heart

as brave as my own."

Bessie didn't read the crumpled note

to wait for John and the letters.

not hear, so he kept on dreaming.

buried her face on her lover's breast.

"I have run away from guardy," she

as he whispered something in her ear

ong-lost love!"

you. O dear!"

rumored; may be it did."

played the Thanksgiving anthem.

Anderson didn't mind.

hour amazingly.

down.

be all right by and by."

chard path.

Something she saw there appealed to

gleaming heavens, she met him.

his heart again.

called them.

sometimes.

Well, John Anderson walked on air fully; "but to-night, of all nights, he is until the time of the expected letter. so late, poor brother!" People remarked how bright-looking he The old clock on the stairs struck ten had grown to be; he could hardly be and, listening, Bessie heard footsteps called "plain John" any more. But and voices. A great lump came into her some of the mothers of the neighbor throat—"it couldn't be Ashley?" hood who had marriageable daughters, "Bess, this is my wife, Muriel," ex-

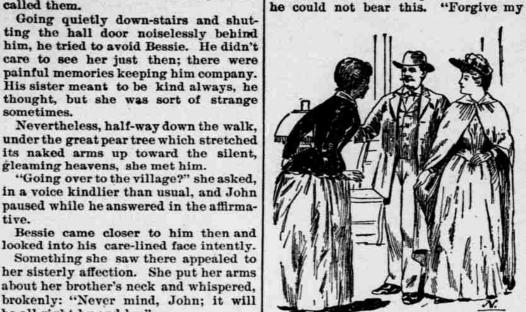
guessing at the reason of this change, claimed John a moment later, his face were cruel enough to wish that he might shining with joy as he pushed the never hear from that "city flirt" again. blushing Muriel into her sister-in-law's And the years rolled on, and the letter arms. never came. The envious matrons were It was all so sudden and unexpected satisfied, and the girls of Folly Mill sofor poor, lonely-hearted Bessie.

ciety nodded and smirked, but plain had been thinking of other and sadder John Anderson grew plainer and farther things, and the turning of the tide as it set toward sunnier shores made her Once, only once, Bessie had grown heart dumb. cross and said hard things. He was It was not Ashley; not the wanderer speaking of his great passion for music from over the sea, but then it was anand his longing for higher aspirations other lost love and John was happy! than to only sow and reap and nothing A strange feeling crept over Bessie

more; and she had reminded him that Anderson. She put one arm around the he had "tried once to fly higher than fair bride and held the other out imploringly toward her brother. Wincing under this sore thrust, he "John," she gasped, with white, quiv never mentioned the subject so near to ering lips, "I'm glad for you and Muriel;

but it's all so sudden-so sudden. If you Well, he must go to the village to will excuse me I will go to my room for night. Of course they wouldn't have any awhile." guests to-morrow, but he and Bess gen-She turned away and went upstairs, erally received Thanksgiving letters, and leaving the astonished two standing in

she set so much by getting them the the middle of the room. night before. "Thank-offerings" she In a moment John tiptoed after her:



BESS, THIS IS MY WIFE, MURIEL."

want of thought, Bessie," he pleaded; behind him and he turned into the or-"I didn't think you cared so much." "I am glad for you," she said, in a voice that seemed any thing but glad; "real glad, John, but-"

"Here are letters," interrupted her brother thinking she intended to refer and a promise unfulfilled, had something to Muriel's seeming neglect of him: "some thank-offerings, Bessie."

She took the mail from his hand with trembling fingers and passed up the It wasn't far to the village, just over staircase with a face as pale as death. tioning came into the misty gray eyes there beyond the little white church "O, dear!" murmured John, as he where, four years ago, Muriel Trowbridge | joined his wife below. "I didn't think | spread as other manure, and there would away. From the top to the bottom it is she'd feel that way about it."

And he would walk across the mead-"Brother is happy and why not I?" ows; he wanted to be alone with neither questioned Bessie, as she lighted a taper beast nor bird to see. Out there beyond and turned the key in the door. Tears the hills the sunset burned and flared plashed down on the letter she opened. like a huge bonfire against the Novem-O, it was such a glad yet such a miserber sky, and the winds tossed the dead able Thanksgiving Eve. She hoped leaves about his feet with a shivering there might be good news in the wellmoan. The sleepy quail piped in the filled sheet. stubble in a monotonous way, but John

"Why! whose handwrite-why, who -?" Then, for quiet Bessie Anderson, she acted a little strangely. She rose, walked across the room a time or two before she read the missive. After that she gathered up the other letters unopened and put them away in an abstracted manner. With a far-away, happy light coming across the tearstained face the overjoyed girl knelt down by the window in the moonlight and whispered: "I thank Thee, Father. To-morrow will indeed be Thanksgiv-

used to sing coming up across the brown, deserted meadows? No; it was only a Going over to a bureau presently she opened a drawer and took up a long, gray, cold twilight of Thanksgiving filmy white vail, shaking out its folds and sending a cloud of quaint perfume through the apartment. Then with a smile she lifted from its resting-place a her brother and knew that he was on beautiful silken gown, smothered in a marvel of starry lace, and laid it over turn to the sitting-room fire and the the chair nearest her.

book she had been reading, however; As if by programme, Bessie went from one loving care to another until she box from her secretary and, going over slipped the gleaming circlet on her finto the window in the gloaming, sat ger and went down-stairs to welcome

"May be Ashley is dead," she said, With such a happy light in her eyes sadly; "may be the Indiaman went down that John felt his heart bound in resomewhere with all on board, as was sponse, she repeated: "I am so glad for you, both of you," nodding to them. The ring gleamed faintly in the dusky

"I hope you will forgive me for being light as she put it on her finger. "Be so strangely overcome. You did surtrue, Bessie; be true," the bit of paper prise me so." said. "I shall always remember that

"Of course," said John. "Certainly," said Muriel, a little mys-In the morning Bessie put her hand on her brother's arm, saying: "We will

to-night. There was no need; she knew every word by heart long ago. For six have a wedding to-day, too, if you don't long years they had lain, the note and mind." the promise, waiting their verification. "Why-who?" After a few minutes' thought Bessie John looked down into the blushing returned her treasures to their hidingface and received a revelation from the place, and, brushing away a few tears

tell-tale eyes before the whispered conbravely and hopefully, went down-stairs fession. "Bessie and Ashley," she said; and Up the well-worn pathway leading tothen he remembered the handsome Ashward the valley home came a pair of ley Wingate who sailed in search of a light, flying feet; but John Anderson did fortune so long ago that he had almost

By and by a lady wanted to pass. He "Why, Bess, I didn't know." rose and stepped aside, hat in hand. "I didn't either until last night," For a moment the woman paused on the smiled she; "he's coming to-day." stile, and then, with a glad cry of recog-"And you never let on," said John, renition, fluttered right into his arms.

proachfully. "O John!" and Muriel Trowbridge "One happiness at a time," answered The long, desolate four years rolled And so it happened that when John Anderson went to the village to tele-

away; the fact that she had been silent fell back, and nothing was remembered graph Muriel's marriage to her guardian, but that she had come, his own, dainty he met the handsome, sun-bronzed traveler, Ashley Wingate. "Muriel," said he, rapturously; "my "Hello! old fellow," cried he, "rose

from the dead?" "O, no; only wrecked and picked up said, in a frightened tone, clinging to after awhile," answered the other. "Is him. "I was so afraid I shouldn't find Bessie --?"

"Waiting? Well, of course she is. If there was any thing more required She's true or she would not be an Anto unstring John Anderson's self-possesderson," and John confided the telegram during the blossoming season as a prosion, it was Muriel's tears, as she ended to Ashley. "Romance upon romance!" exclaimed

Wingate. And so it was, to the delight of the Folly Mill gossips as well as the happy quartette.

aginable. And Ashley Wingate purchased the lovely Dixon place in the valley, and Bessie presides over a home as beautiful

as wealth and love can make it, while John and Muriel remain at Folly Mill MANDA L. CROCKER.

-Cheery hearts and smiling faces, Gentle speech and ways, Make a cloudy, dull Tnanksgiving Sunniest of days. -Youth's Companion

AGRICULTURAL HINTS

MANURE.

omes before nine o'clock," she said, tear-The Best Methods of Making, Saving and Applying It.

It is an all-important point in the saving of manure, says the Ohio Farmer, to use enough bedding to absorb all of the liquid manure, for there is where the greatest waste of manure occurs. The solid manure is nearly always saved, but a large part of the liquid manure is allowed to go to waste, and often because the value of it is not properly understood. Of late there has been so much written and said on the subject that almost every intelligent farmer understands its value. I was more fully impressed with its value when I took up an old stable floor a few years ago. There were two or three loads of wornout straw, chaff and dried manure, all of it so dry and light it was difficult to load on account of the wind blowing it away; to all appearance it was not worth much more than so much chaff. We were top-dressing wheat with stable manure at the time. We spread this manure on the same field, but not near as thick, and the wheat thus manured was almost twice as heavy, and the grass where it was applied always lodged as long as it was in meadow. Since then I have doubled my efforts in trying to save all the liquid manure.

I think straw and chaff a little the nicest for bedding, when it can be had, as they are drier and generally more convenient; but leaves, muck, sawdust and shavings will answer the same purpose. Yards where stock is allowed to run should be as small as possible, not to crowd the stock too much, and then the manure will not be washed so much by the rain and will be easier to gather. Where stock is allowed to run to a stack in the yard, the litter around the stack should be kept spread over the yard and kept as near level as possible, and if any thing, have the lowest spot in the center. I think it a good plan to allow hogs to run in the yard, as they will keep it from getting tramped so hard, and the straw will rot faster. It will surprise those who have never

tried this plan to see the amount of straw that can be worked into manure. In this connection I should like to call the attention of farmers who keep sheep to the importance of keeping them well bedded with clean straw. I am quite sure that the benefit from the manure can be nearly doubled and the only trouble will be to keep the stables cleaned often, so as not to let the manure ferment, as it would be unhealthy for the sheep. The common practice is to let sheep run without any bedding at all and never clean the stables until they want to use the manure; then they have to use a pickage or spade to dig the manure up, and it comes out in great chunks, difficult to spread evenly. If Rockies from Montana to Central Amercleaned, the manure would be as easy to sight of that abyss took my breath

It is a good plan to have the stable floors as nearly water-tight as possible, in order to keep the liquid part of the manure where it can be absorbed by the bedding or dipped up and turned over

Hang the Hogs.

An easy way to hang up the pork at butchering time is by an arrangement something like a well sweep. A forked or notched post is firmly set in the ground beside the platform where the



hogs are to be scraped. The bottom of the notch or fork should be about six feet from the ground. In this must lie a long, heavy pole, notched to keep it from slipping where it lies on the post. four feet from its largest end. At the butt cut a deep chip to catch and hold the gambrel. All this is quickly done, and often answers as well as a windlass, for the heaviest hog can be hung up with ease by raising the long end and slipping the short, notched end under the gambrel stick. Where more than one hog is to be raised more levers will have to be provided, unless the pork can be lowered on to a stationary pole, as the pork must remain suspended awhile to

Cutting Off the Combs. It has long been a practice among game breeders to cut off the combs and wattles of themales. It is not believed to be a cruel process, but of that we are not so sure, as the removal of any portion of the body is attended with pain to a certain extent. Leghorn breeders are gar in price is "Tansill's Punch." considering the advisability of cutting off the combs in order to avoid the effects of the frost in winter, which cuts off the combs slowly and painfully. The one is done quickly and the other is slow torture. It is not safe to cut off the combs and wattles of old birds, as they bleed very profusely. Young birds (males and females) may be "dubbed" when four months old, or as soon as the comb is well developed. Use a sharp shears or razor. A very sharp knife will answer. Cut off the wattles first and then the comb, and bathe the parts with cold alum water. The solution of alum should be as strong as possible, and the parts well saturated with it. Our advice is not to cut at all if it can be avoided. and subject the large comb breeds only

to the process.-Farm and Fireside. An Ill Wind. While bee-keepers at the North are agitating for legislation against the spraying of fruit trees with arsenites tection against fruit-injuring insects, sportsmen at the South appear to have an equally valid cause for legislation against the use of paris green by cottonplanters for the destruction of the cotton friendships, and she had grown quite serious, for as he talked he felt her hand tremble on his arm and noted the changing color on her fair face.

John?" he said, caressing her.

"Yes," came the answer between the sobs. "Guardy wishes me to marry his nephew, and he took me off to Europe hand heartache turned out to be the happiest, most thankful Thanksgiving itation to marry his nephew, and he took me off to Europe piest, most thankful Thanksgiving itation to marry his nephew, and he took me off to Europe piest, most thankful Thanksgiving itation to marry his nephew, and he took me off to Europe piest, most thankful Thanksgiving itation to marry his nephew, and he took me off to Europe piest, most thankful Thanksgiving itation to marry his nephew, and he took me off to Europe piest, most thankful Thanksgiving itation to marry his nephew, and he took me off to Europe piest, most thankful Thanksgiving itation to marry his nephew, and he took me off to Europe piest, most thankful Thanksgiving itation to marry his nephew, and he took me off to Europe piest, most thankful Thanksgiving itation to marry his nephew, and he took me off to Europe piest, most thankful Thanksgiving itation to marry his nephew, and he took me off to Europe piest, most thankful Thanksgiving itation to marry his nephew, and he took me off to Europe piest, most thankful Thanksgiving itation to marry his nephew, and he took me off to Europe piest, most thankful Thanksgiving itation to marry his nephew, and he took me off to Europe piest, most thankful Thanksgiving itation to marry his nephew, and he took me off to Europe piest, most thankful Thanksgiving itation to marry his nephew, and he took me off to Europe piest, most thankful Thanksgiving itation to marry his nephew, and he took me off to Europe piest, most thankful Thanksgiving itation to marry his nephew, and he took me off to Europe piest, most thankful Thanksgiving itation to marry his nephew, and he took me off to Europe piest, most thankful Thanksgiving itation to marry his nephew, poisoned worms, of which they are very fond. Partridges and prairie chickens, which were very numerous in many regions, have, it is said, been nearly all destroyed. Whole flocks having been found dead in many places. There is danger that unless the worms are saved from the poison the sportsman's occupation will soon be gone in wide areas. Just as it's an ill wind that blows nobody good, it's a good wind that blows nobody ill.

THE girls of Alaska are ready for society as soon as they reach their teens. Ar least ten of the large cities of the country are going to hold chrysanthemum exhibitions.

A STRINGENT anti-saloon law has gone into effect in St. Louis. It prohibits chairs, tables, cards, dice, music and musical instruments in all saloons.

LARGE deposits of excellent hard coal have recently been discovered in Alaska have recently been discovered in Alaska and on some of the coast islands. The quantity is believed to be practically inexpansible.

When are not worn by grass-widows, because grass-widows are not so for lawn so they ought to be.—N. Y. Commercial Advertiser. and on some of the coast islands. The exhaustible.

THE new jury law in New York City has already netted nearly \$100,000 for the treasury. There are no allowances made nowadays; if the juryman does not present himself he is fined \$250, and it is remorselessly collected at once. * A NEW invention is the "waterphone."

This is an instrument shaped like an ordinary iron rod, which, when placed on a stopcock, will convey the sound to the ear in case the water is running. In this way it can be determined whether or not the water is shut off in a house without entering the house. THERE is reason to believe that an-

archy is on the wane, as seems to be shown by the fact that the memorial celebration in Chicago in honor of the execution of the bomb-throwers was a tame affair. There was, with one exception, no display of red flags, and the number attending the services in Waldheim Cemetery had fallen off from 5,000 last year to 2,000 on a recent Sunday, and many in this crowd were simply curious spectators. A MAN of letters, who went West this

summer to study the features of community and isolated life presented between New York and San Francisco and up and down the California coast, was gone for three months, but in that time did not once have to unwrap his bundle of umbrellas, nor put on rubbers or mackintosh. He had his family with him and, out of regard for their comfort, did not travel a single mile by night. He says that for pure comfort this is the best way.

SAYS a prominent New England clergyman who has been visiting in the Vest: "In the West I find more wealth, more generosity, more enthusiasm and aggressiveness in church work, and, believe me, more genuine culture than in the East. But I do miss a historic background. I miss the old. I miss, on the banks of the Mississippi, what one misses who comes from Old England to New England-a good deep stratum of history. There is too much nature for humanity or too little humanity for

A WRITER in the Syracuse (N. Y.) Journal, who went to the bottom of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado last winter, says: "I have been all through the they were kept bedded and the stables | ica and know what a chasm is, but the fully six thousand feet. Over a mile below you can see the river tearing through the gorge, but not a sound can be heard, it is so far away. From one bank to the other it is apparently not over a quarter of a mile, but as a matter of fact it is fully nineteen miles

CATARRH.

Catarrhal Deafness-Hay Fever-A New Home Treatment. Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result of this discovery is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby Catarrh, Hay Fever and Catarrhal Deafnes

Catarrh, Hay Fever and Catarrhal Deafness are permanently cured in from one to three simple applications made at home by the patient once in two weeks.

N. B.—This treatment is not a snuff or an ointment; both have been discarded by reputable physicians as injurious. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent on receipt of three cents in stamps to pay postage by A. H. Dixon & Son, cor. of John and King Street, Toronto, Canada.—Christian Advocate.

Sufferers from Catarrhal troubles should

It takes us half our lives to learn that mankind are fools; and the other half to be convinced that we are one of them.—Puck.

You may sing of the beauty of springtime
That glows on the cheek of the young.
But I sing of a beauty that's rarer
Than any of which you have sung.
The beauty that's seen in the faces
Of women whose summer is o'er,
The autumn-like beauty that charms us
Far more than the beauty or yore.
It this beauty is seen too varely. But this beauty is seen too rarely. The faces of most women lose the beauty of youth too soon. Female disorders are like frosts which come to nip the flowers which betoken good health, without which there can be no real beauty. If our American women would fortify themselves against the approach of the terrible disorders as

the approach of the terrible disorders so prevalent among them, by using Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, their good looks would be retained to a "sweet old age." This remedy is a guaranteed cure for all the distressing weaknesses and derangements peculiar to women.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets, one a dose. Cure headache, constipation and indigestion. The man who wears his heart on his sleeve does not do it in order to beat his way in life.—Kearney Enterprise.

SENATOR HOAR, of Massachusetts, is the finest linguist in Congress.

THE MARKETS. NEW YORK, Nov. 23, 1989. CATTLE—Native Steers......\$ 3 80 @ \$ 4 75

1	COTTON-Middling		@	10	114
1	FLOUR-Winter Wheat	3 20	@	4 60	
5	WHEAT-No. 2 Red	844	1.00		福
r	CORN-No. 2 OATS-Western Mixed	42		43	
8	DODE Western Mixed	27	@		142
	PORK-Mess	пы	GD.	11 50	43
	ST. LOUIS.				
	COTTON-Middling BEEVES-Export Steers		40		144
1	Shipping "	4 60 3 90		5 45 4 75	
1	HOGS-Common to Select	3 50		3 77	14.
1	SHEEP-Fair to Choice	3 25	0	4 60	범
	SHEEP—Fair to Choice FLOUR—Patents	4 15	0	4 25	
В	XXX to Choice	2 20		2 80	148
8	THE THE AME AND TO STAND SECTION ASSESSMENT		wa	78	
,	CORN-No. 2 Mixed	32	180	32	
,	CORN-No. 2 Mixed	****	0	20	
4	TORACCO_I nee (Missouri)	2 50	60	4 00	
	Leaf, Burley	5 30		10 00	
	HAY-Choice Timothy	8 00	0	11 00	
	BUTTFR-Choice Dairy	18	a	20	
	EGGS -Fresh	2000	0	18	
3	PORK-Standard Mess (new).		@	10 75	
9	BACON-Clear Rib		0	6	*
	LARD-Prime Steam	****	@	5	福
S	WOOL-Choice Tub	••••	0	35	
•	CHICAGO.				
	CATTLE-Shipping	8 25	@	5 00	
•	HOGS-Good to Choice	3 60	100	3 85	
3	SHEEP-Good to Choice FLOUR-Winter Patents	8 50 4 30	0	4 90	
1	Spring "	4 40	a	4 90	
	WHEAT-No. 2 Spring	804		804	1/2
	CORN-No. 2		0	32	
1	OATS-No. 2 White	204	40	21	70
7	PORK-Standard Mess	9 75	0	9 87	/2
3	KANSAS CITY.			1.51	
1	KANSAS CITY. CATTLE—Shipping Steers HOGS—Sales at	8 50		4 60	
	HOGS-Sales at	3 60	0	3 75	35
3	WHEAT-No. 2 (nard)	634	260	64	a B
7	OATS-No. 2. CORN-No. 2.	251/		16 ¹ 25 ¹	
8			l con	201	. S.
쇸	NEW ORLEANS			a Fest	32
暑	FLOUR-High Grade		4	4 70	
3	CORN-White	43	0	44	
혤	OATS—Choice Western HAY—Choice PORK—New Mess	15 00	9	28 16 00	
	PORK-New Mess	19 00	Charles III	10 50	
혤	BACON-Clear Rib		0	64	B
Ą	DOTTON-Middling		@	94	
-	LOUISVILLE.	7. 15	33	= 13	125
哥	WHEAT-No. 2 Red	1		76	1
а	CORN-No. 2 Mixed	Participation (Control of Control		RATE	4
줿	OATS-No. 2 Mixed PORK-Mess	214	0	22	de.
74	PORK-Mess		@	13 00	

NEW NOTES OF INTEREST.

is really what THE YOUTH'S COMPANION is really what The Youth's Companion is. It publishes each year as much matter as the four-dollar monthlies, and is illustrated by the same artists. It is an educator in every home, and always an entertaining and wholesome companion. It has a unique place in American family life. If you do not know it, you will be surprised to see how much can be given for the small sum of \$1.75 a year. The price sent now will entitle you to the paper to January, 1891. Address, The Youth's Companion, Boston, Mass.

Consumption Surely Cured. Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and post-office address. Respectfully, T. A. Slocum, M. C., 181 Pearl street, New York.

Some of the compound Kalamazoo Greek names suggested for the killing of murder-ers by electricity are more terrifying than the thing itself.—Hartford Courant.

GRAYVILLE, IND., Feb. 2d, 1887. GRAYVILLE, IND., Feb. 2d, 1857.

DR. A. T. SHALLENBERGER,
Rochester, Pa. Dear Str: I have
used your Antidote for Malaria for over a
quarter of a century and have found it to be
in every respect all that you claim for it. It
not only cures chills and fever of every
kind, but it is the best medicine I ever
knew to build up the system when broken
down from any cause. Respectfully yours,
F. M. Brown.

Judging from the many attractions in the dime museums it is easy to believe that this is a freak country.—Boston Courier.

Progress. It is very important in this age of vast material progress that a remedy be pleas-ing to the taste and to the eye, easily taken, acceptable to the stomach and healthy in its nature and effects. Possessng these qualities, Syrup of Figs is the one

Don't heap coals of fire upon your en-emy's head. Remember that coal is six dollars per ton. Economy is wealth.—Troy

Oregon, the Paradise of Farmers

Mild, equable climate, certain and abundant crops. Best fruit, grain, grass, stock country in the world. Full information free. Address Oregon Immigration Board, Portland, Oregon

ONE would think that a jailer would be i pain all the time with so many felons on his hands.—Kearney Enterprise.

It's odd that the word "trust" should of itself be enough to excite suspicion.—Washington Capital.

FOR BRONCHIAL, Asthmatic and Pulmonary Complaints, "Brown's Bronchial Troches" have remarkable curative proper-

THE Public Awards the Palm to Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar for coughs. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

A BUSINESS engagement—Securing the matrimonial promise of an heiress.—Merchant Traveler. Those who wish to practice economy should buy Carter's Little Liver Pills. Forty pills in a vial; only one pill a dose.

THE base-ball player naturally looks out for a change of base. BEST, easiest to see and cheapest. Piso's Remedy for Catarrh. By druggists. 25c. When a train is telescoped the passengers are apt to see stars.—Baltimore American.

Ir afflicted with Sore Eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c THE same obituaries seem to do for almost every man who dies in these days.

THE ONLY NIAGARA ROUTE. St. Louis to New York and Boston. WABASH TRAIN NO. 42-VESTIBULED.

 Leaves St. Louis
 6:55 p. m.

 Arrives Niagara Falls
 3:47 p. m.

 Arrives New York
 7:20 a. m.

 Arrives Boston
 9:50 a. m.

Only through line from St. Louis to the Grand Central Station, New York via Niagara Fall

Reaches the Grand Central Station OVER TWO HOURS EARLIER than Arrives Boston via Hoosac Tunnel FIVE HOURS EARLIER than any

Is the ONLY Through Sleeping-Car Line St. Louis to Boston, leaving St. Louis Stops at Falls View Station Expressly to give patrons the best possible view of NIAGARA. Has been for NINE YEARS the only line to New York and Boston running DINING CARS For Tickets, Time-Tables and full information call upon the nearest Ticket Agent

2: JACOBS OI CAUTION. No other Liniment made to resemble ST.JACOBSOIL

COMPARE WITH IT. ST. JACOBS OIL 18 THE BEST. AND THAT IS WHY ITS CURES ARE PROMPT AND PERMANENT.

AT*DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md. PLOWS At half price, shipped on trial, to be paid for if satisfactory. SEND FOR CINCULARS. Farmers' & Laborers' Union Exchange, St. Louis, Mo.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Bold by all druggists. SI; six for St. Prepared only by C. L HOOD & CO., Apothegaries, Lowell, Mass. 100 Doses One Dollar

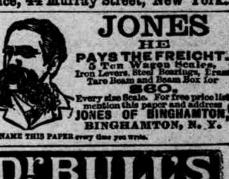
GRATEFUL-COMFORTING. BREAKFAST.

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half-pound tins, by Grocers, labelled thus:



The sale of Tutt's Pills exceed those of all others combined. They are peculiarly adapted to main-rial diseases. Our physicians all pre-scribe them."

SOLD EVERYWHERE. Office, 44 Murray Street, New York.



Salvation Oil "Killeall Pain

YOU WILL SAVE MONEY, Time, Pain, Trouble

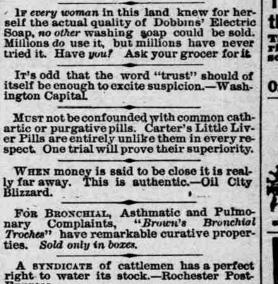
CATARRH Ely's Cream Balm.

YOUNG MEN Learn Telegraphy and Railroa Agent's Business here, and secur-good situations. Write J. D. BROWN, Sedalia, Mo A SENTS WANTES! FAMOUS MISSOURI STEAM WASHER on trial. Worth & Co., St. Louis, Mo. 507 HARR THIS PAPER cropy disapped strike. AGENTS \$10 a day. Medicated Electricity. Som.

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS PLEASE







DIBULUS.